

Leave thy sowing, leave thy spinning! Leave the world and all its sinning. Come and pray! Greet the joyous, radiant morning,

Lift your hearts up to the dawning Easter day.

Altar lilies chastely glisten. See! they raise their heads and listen, Murmuring, Peace! Listen to the songs of gladness. That through sorrow and through sadnes

Hear that glorious anthem ringing, One clear treble voice is singing Wondrously:

Never cease.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, The love that unto earth He giveth Cannot die!"

One long sun-ray brightly beaming, Through the chancel window streaming On his face. Seems to saint the singer lowly, Seems to bless all in the holy

Dim-lit place. Peace that puts an end to sorrow, That all heavenly hopes doth borrow,

On Easter day; These are guerdons, Christian, giving Blessing, love, and joy in living; Come and pray!

-Percival Steet.

AN EASTER THIEF.

BY JUDITH SPENCER



H, Dolly, Dolly, I'm in such pickle!" Dolly Merton looked up and laughed a little at her friend's distressed face. "Madge, dear, you are always

in a pickle. What is it this time?" Madge Townsend threw herself back desparingly in the big armchair. "This is the worst one yet!" she sighed.

Dolly laid down her embroidery and looked at her inquiringly. "You know I'm the Treasurer of our

'Merry Workers' Circle,' " Madge be-"Yes."

"And the money from our dues and fines, and the sale of dolls and aprons amounted altogether to fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. We've been trying to get it up to fifteen dollars, and we were going to give it for an Easter offering at church to morrow afternoon." "Yes; well?"

"Well, it's gone!" "Gone?

"Yes; gone, and worse yet—stolen! Not a soul knows yet but you and I, and the thief, of course. But isn't it awful, and what shall I do?"

"Stolen, Madge? But I don't understand who could have stolen it. Where did you keep it?"

"Well, I was counting it over only day before yesterday, and I laid it down on my mantel-it was in the Tiffany note-paper box l've always kept it in-and then, well, to tell the truth, I forgot and left it out there, and to-day when I remembered and went to look for it it was gone.'

"But that doesn't prove it was stolen, Madge.' "Doesn't it? When nobody has

been near my room but Katherine, the might follow. new waitress-I never liked her-and I don't know what to do. Mother is still away, and I really don't dare accuse Katherine to her face. There's no knowing what she might do, but it's awful to have such a thief around. And then, Dolly, to-morrow's Easter. I'm responsible for that money, and how am I going to replace it?"

"Your allowance?" suggested Dolly. "But I haven't fifty cents left. You know how money always slips through my fingers. I really meant to do better this month, but Thursday I bought the loveliest new hat for Easter. When I saw Jennie Warren's I was dying with envy, but mine is much prettier, and it ought to be-it cost fifteen dollars. Idon't know what mamma will say, but it's a beauty."

"Look here, Madge. Wouldn't they



"DOLLY LAID DOWN HER EMBROIDERY.

That's just the amount you need, and "Oh, but, Dolly, I couldn't! Why,

what are you thinking of? Explain to a milliner? Ask Mme. La Rue to give me back the money? I never could in the world! Besides, it would just break my heart to part with it." "Then go to your father, Madge

dear, and tell him." Oh, but, Dolly, that's impossible. too! You see," flushing a little, "he had to help me out last month. You

repaired, I had no idea. Well, I couldn't pay the bill, so I had to go to papa, and he lectured me so. He is so particular. He said I was careless and extravagant, and if I could not learn to manage better he would have to stop my allowance altogether, and just give me fifty cents a week for spending money the way he used to; and I couldn't bear that. It would be

too humiliating." "I wish your mother was at home,"

Dolly said, thoughtfully.
"So do I," sighed Madge. she isn't, and I must have the money. Look here, Dolly. Do you think I courage to tell that Katherine up and down that I knew she was a thief, and did not put it back on my mantel by to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, no, no, Madge; don't think of it! It isn't a question of courage, humiliation. So, with sudden deterdear, but there might be some mistake.' "No there isn't," Madge said, posi-

tively; "and how else am I to get the money?" "Madge, would you mind my tell-

ing mamma?"
"Oh, Dolly, I should die of shame if anyone were to know of it but you. | what can I show you to-day?"

there was nothing for her to do but girl I know." And then she poured leave Madge with the undisposed of into her mother's ears the whole story embroideries and hasten back to be in of the stolen money, and how she had time for her lesson. Meanwhile, Madge had been expe-

riencing a variety of emotions. At again and tell of her carelessness and first indignation against the new waitress-the thief-who had made this disagreeable business necessary, had been uppermost in her mind. But gradually, as she noted Dolly's eager interest and anxiety to help her and her distress at their lack of success, she began to feel a sort of admiring envy of her unselfish, loyal friend, and a queer sort of indignation against could get it if I could screw up my herself and her own carelessness in leaving money for which she was responsible lying around where the threaten to have her arrested if she first dishonest person could take it un-

perceived. If she was so to blame, surely she ought to be willing to endure a little mination, she started for the fancygoods shop, which her mother always patronized, and where she was well

The head woman, Mrs. Lee, herself came forward, smiling and bowing when Madge entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Townsend,

EASTER TREASURE. I filled my house with flowers for Easter Day, All that the loveliest and sweetest bloom; In every nook some cluster lay, Perfume and beauty gracing every room. Roses and lilies, spicy heliotrope, Carnations, hyacinths and daffodils, Pansies for thoughts of love and ardent hope, And sweet blue violets bringing balm for ills. The flowers were all for him, my boy, my boy! I thought he might from heaven look smiling down, And gain mayhap some little added joy, Seeing his mother's love in blossoms shown. There was a woman bowed with grief and care Who told me, amid tears, how far away In father-land her kinsfolk forth would fare To church with hymns and flowers on Easter Day. Poor homesick soul! I had no flowers to spare,
But yet, grief somehow hath compelling power;
I gave from all my rich abundance there A small jar with a red geranium flower. Even while she went with grateful smile and thanks, A neighbor's little child came bringing me A single lily. My flowers stood in ranks; What could a single added lily be! I took it from her little loving hand, And gave the eager upturned face a kiss;
My boy in heaven would see and understand
How mid his wealth of flowers came also this. That night I dreamed of fields and gardens fair
Where light was shining and where fountains played,
Where chanting voices thrilled the fragrant air,
And white-robed people with glad faces strayed.

And one there was, a little way apart,
My boy, my own, in heaven's sweet Easter hour,
Clasping with radiant smile upon his heart

Even the girls must never know what a careless treasurer I am!"

Dolly looked very thoughtful and anxious. This seemed to her the worst scrape her happy-go-lucky friend had ever got into. Madge was a warmhearted girl, but careless and extravagant, as her father had said, and Dolly felt that if she could not suggest some speedy remedy, even worse trouble might follow. While Mrs. Townsend was away with her sick mother, conshe has a sick sister, she pretends who scientious Dolly felt that in a way she needs all kinds of expensive medicines must be guardian over thoughtless and things. Of course she stole it and Madge and extricate her from all her troubles.

At last her brow cleared. "Madge, dear."

"Yes, Dolly?"

"I think I can help you out." "Oh, you darling! I knew you could!"

"I have five dollars you can take. I then there's my embroidery. If we could only sell those three centre-

pieces I've just finished!" Madge knew that her friend had been working on them for the past two months, in secret, for Easter gifts to Madge. for her mofher and her two married sisters, and her heart gave a quick throb of compunction and regret as she realized the extent of Dolly's gen-

"Oh, but, Dolly, would you?" "Yes, dear, on condition that you tell your mother all about it, and ask her advice just the minute she gets

Madge promised, and Dolly brought from their hiding place the three beautiful centrepieces, which had been carefully pressed, and tacked upon quires of pink, glazed paper which showed them off to the best ad-

vantage. She smothered a sigh as she carefully wrapped them in paper, for they had been a labor of love, and she had counted so much upon her mother's and sisters' pleasure in the surprise really dreadful. And Dolly Merton is it my way, too."-Frank Leslie's she had prepared for them. Fortunately, no one was in the secret but her friend and herself; and if by sacrificing them she could get poor, careless Madge out of this serious difficulty, ought she not be willing, even glad, to do so? And especially as during the evening she would have time to embroider initials on a handkerchief apiece for her mother and sisters, and she could make other

centrepieces at some future time. Together the girls went out and down to one of the large fancy-goods

shops where they were both unknown. Dolly turned rosy red, as she stated her errand, and flushed still more deeply when the head woman calmly but decidedly treused to buy.

The same thing occurred again. The afternoon was waning; the girls know I broke Nellie Graham's gold were in despair. Dolly had a music locket, and it cost so much to get it lesson at half-past four, and at last

A lily, and a red geranium flower!

—Mary L. B. Branch. "Oh, I've not come to buy," Madge stammered. "I've come to show you something. It isn't my work—it's a friend's-but she has let me take it, because-because-mamma is away,

> "I see, yes, the embroidery is very prettily done. You want to leave it here for me to sell for you on commis-

Madge's face flushed still more

once," she faltered. "How much do you want?" inquired

"Oh, what must she be thinking of was saving it for-but no matter; and knowing that the work would readily

> hurried away, stopping just for a mo- erine! I have been so wicked, so ment to tell Dolly of her success and

> then speeding onward to her home. been all day, and yet she felt a lessons these past few days, and now, strange, unexplainable, underlying this, too!"

glance as she approached the house, head. revealed her mother's face at the win-

"Oh, mamma, mamma dear!" she cried, as she threw herself in her vieth not, is not easily provoked, mother's arms, "how I have wanted thinketh no evil." less, so cowardly, but you ought to continued, looking up steadfastly into know about Katherine at once. It is her mother's eyes, "I will try to make

and we want to raise some money be fore a certain day, and-and-we

couldn't think of any other way."

sion?"

Mrs. Lee, her eyebrows lifted in surprise.

me?" thought Madge. "Nine dollars and seventy-five cents, please," she murmured, faintly. And Mrs. Lee, sell for more than that amount, and policy to refuse to oblige the daughter | confession. of one of her best customers, smilingly counted out the money and handed it she cried penitently. "I have ac-

burden of regret and shame.

you and longed for you! Don't leave me again. And I've so much to tell that is Dolly's way; it must be,' you. You will be sorry and ashamed Madge said, thoughtfully. "And beof me, I know. I have been so care- fore next Easter comes around," the dearest, noblest, most generous Pleasant Hours,

deeply.
"We—that is I—need the money at

"What else could have become of it?" she had asked herself, conclusively, again and again. But on Easter Monday morning, as

she was rummaging through her untidy closet for a missing glove, she came suddenly upon a familiar looking box -a Tiffany's note-paper box-with its contents all untouched! And then, in a quick-shamed flash of recollection she saw herself hastily placing it there, out of sight, when she was called downstairs suddenly, several days before. And feather-brain that she was, she had afterward forgotten all about

Her mother had gone out and it seemed an age until she returned and feeling, too, that it might be poor Madge could make a full and complete

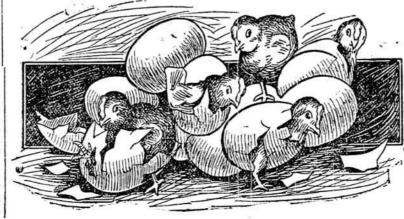
"Oh, mamma, what have I done?" cused an innocent person. What With a grateful "thank you" Madge amends can I ever make to poor Kathselfish, so thoughtless, so blind and silly and extravagant. I can see it all Her heart was lighter than it had now. I have been learning so many

Mrs. Townsend laid her hand ten-To her joyful surprise an upward derly upon her daughter's bowed

"They are all comprised in this, my dear: 'Charity,' which is the same as love, 'suffereth long and is kind; en-

"Ah yes, mamma, I understand, and

A COMING-OUT PARTY.



TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

WHAT FAIR PROMENADERS IN been afraid to accuse the thief to her NEW YORK WEAR. face, ashamed to go to her father

> Women Clubs in the Metropolis-Miss Field's Success in Gotham and Other American Girls' On the Other Side.

> > (Special New York Letter.)

THUS does a New York spring poet sing: "Of all the girls on land or sea, the tailor girl's the girl for me." Precisely Place two women side by side dressed for promenading, one clad in silks and laces, the other in a wellfitting cloth suit, and nine men out of ten will pick the simpler clad maiden as the winner. Men as a rule like to see their wives.

sisters and sweethearts dressed in what they call "something sensible as well as stylish." And as the average woman dresses to please some man, the present rage for tailor-built suits is out of deference to the lords of creaation.

WE-THAT IS I-NEED THE MONEY AT

ONCE? SHE FALTERED.

extravagance, and how unhappy she

had been until Dolly Merton had so

Mrs. Townsend looked very grave

"The first thing to do is to buy back

Dolly's embroidenies and return them

to her at once with the money she gave

you. Here is my purse, go back di-

rectly to Mrs. Lee and pay her what-ever she may ask. The other side of the matter we will consider later on.

Hurry now, dear, or the shop will be

Mrs. Lee smiled as Madge reap-

"Mamma has just returned," the

young girl said, joyfully, "and she

snows all about it and has sent me to

buy back the centrepieces you so

So Mrs. Lee brought them out and

wrapped them up, and refused to take

more than she had just paid for them,

knowing well that by so doing she was

paving the way for generous profits in

That evening, right after dinner, and

just as Dolly had shut herself in her

room and was diligently at work on

one of the bandkerchiefs, which were

to take the place of her pretty vanished

centre-pieces on the morrow, there

came a tap at the door, and there were

the centre-pieces again; and a note

from Madge telling how her mother's

unexpected return enabled her to send

back the embroideries and the money

with a thankful heart, and the assurance

that she would never forget her friend's

So Madge, as Treasurer of the "Merry

Workers," handed in fourteen dollars

and seventy-five cents after the service

And she felt very thankful that

everything had turned out so well-

for her sick grandmother was improv-

ing-her mother was at home again-

and Dolly's willing sacrifice had been

But still she was not happy, and

strangely enough, she took no pleasure

in the new hat which only yesterday

she had thought so fine. It had seemed

impossible to part with it then, though

she had been ready enough to accept

Dolly's far greater sacrifice! She half

envied Dolly to day, wearing her old felt; her money had not been all spent

upon herself! And Madge penitently

resolved to please her father by learn-

ing to spend her allowance more wise-

ly and less selfishly in the future, and

to keep a certain proportion of it for an "emergency fund" as Dolly had so

But about another thing she was

still dissatisfied and uncomfortable.

Though her mother had come to her

rescue and supplied the missing money,

the fact remained unaltered that the

"Merry Workers" money had been

stolen, and the thief was still at large.

Mamma had said, as Dolly had done:

There may be some mistake. I am

They were both very blind, for

Madge felt positive that it was so.

not sure that Katherine took the

often laughingly advised.

the future.

sweet kindness.

that Easter afternoon.

unnecessary after all.

kindly bought from me just now."

closed before you can get there.'

peared breathless before her.

weetly come forward to her relief.

as she listened to this recital.

Madge had finished she said:

Fashionable women of New York promenade along Broadway between the hours of four and six p. m., and the styles chosen by them for street wear are a criterion of what is good taste.

In London one sees the swagger set before noon on Regent and Bond streets. Our readers prefer the late afternoon, and many well-known faces are seen daily. Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley and Mrs. Frederic de Peyster are always among the observed of the observers, They are elegant-looking women as well as excellent dressers.

The other afternoon Mrs. Hamersley looked superb in a rich claretcolored cloth gown, the skirt handsomely relieved at the foot with black silk braid in a pretty pattern, and the stylish Eton coat having braided tabs for revers. She wore a hat in two tones of red and carried a dark red skeleton umbrella.

Close behind Mrs. Hamersley was fitted the wearer's fine figure without | golden guineas.

she has a peculiarly aristocratic air. When I saw her she looked sweetly girlish in a neat costume of fancy tweed made with a chic doublebreasted reefer which had two cute



little pockets, and a smart velvet collar. The skirt hung in graceful folds. She wore a pretty turban of

coarse green straw. Many of these girls, after making a reputation here, go abroad and earn a deal of money "doing their specialty" in London drawing rooms. To gain an entrance into the circles of conservative English swelldom, they must be properly introduced. This is usually brought about by American women resident in London, such as Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mrs. Ronalds, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Countess Craven (Mrs. Bradley Martin's daughter) and many others of that ilk.

A notable case of being "properly" presented was that of the Columbian Quartette, two Southern and two Western girls, who last season took social London by storm with their banjos and quaint negro melodies. "Loud scream the Eagle," say I, as Mrs. de Peyster, wearing a costume long as our girls can manage to wedge that breathed the air of spring. A their way through the exclusive short, dapper, three-button cut a-way portals of the upper ten in England coat was stitched on the edges, and and continue to fill their pockets with

Mme. Nordica sings with more a wrinkle. The cloth was a mixture Mme. Nordica sings with more of tan with hair line of brown. A fervor than ever since her "tiff" with



RICH CLARET CLOTH GOWN AND

DAPPER THREE-BUTTONED CUT-A

stylish dark brown waistcoat spotted in silk lent a "well-groomed" effect to her whole outfit. New York has, perhaps, more clubs for women than any city in the world portunity to practically ask her -social, political, musical, dramatic, literary, Daughters of the Revolution and "revolting daughters." They

spring up like mushrooms and are as thick as peas in a pod, They all serve some good purpose, too. The clubs of a purely social character give numerous entertainments dur- are of your diamond quality, with ing the year, and in this way are in-

troduced many young people of "aspirations," such as monologue artists, readers, vocalists and musicians. Miss Mary French Field is an illus-

tration of the first class of aspirants. She recently made a successful debut



A NEAT COSTUME OF LOVELY TWEED.

here as a reader of her father's poetry, and is already in great demand for public and parlor entertainments. Miss Field is the daughter of the late Eugene Field, beloved from the Atlantic to the Pacific for his exquisite "Little Boy Blue," "Winkin', Blink-in' and Nod," and his child's poetry in general. She was so closely associated his life that she unconsciously caught pathetic or humorous selections she ho'ds her audience firmly.

WAY COAT. some of the members of the Grau Opera Company. She seems determined to win, and her accession to the Damrosch forces gave her an ophearers to institute comparisons. Her idea, no doubt, was to have each individual who heard her in the Metropolitan go among his friends and say, 'Just tell them that you saw me. Bravo, Madame Nordica! Americans for America; especially when they your sparkling vocalism and without

a flaw in your art. I saw a very handsome cape worn by a society belle at the Knickerbocker Theatre during the engagement of the Bostonians in the new opera, "The Serenade." It was a rich shade of myrtle green, braided all over in Berlin style with black silk braid, and

attracted much attention. Talking of spring costumes reminds one of spring flowers; and this again reminds one of the favorite flowers of the nations. The other day I got a letter from a witty American friend traveling in Ireland enclosing a United States greenback note of the smallest denomination carefully pasted under the following couplet:

'France has the lily, England the rose; Everybody knows where the shamrock grows: Scotland the heather that blooms on the hill: And America, dear America, the sweet dol-It is a remarkable fact about the

dollar bill that it retains its particular kind of fragrance longer than any other sort of sweet-william. Every woman will agree with this. The costumes illustrated herewith

were designed by The National Cloak Co., of New York.

A Costly Clock,

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild possesses an old "grandfather's" clock that originally cost over \$150,000. The mechanism records the day of the week, months of the year, the phases of the moon and strikes each hour. The quarters are chimed with a differeut bell, and (a rare thing with these clocks) it has a second hand. The case was made by Wertheimer and stands fourteen feet high. It was originally the property of Louis XVI.

Romance of Czar and Czarina,

Russians have a popular version of the Czar's proposal to the Czarina. When the young Czarowitz popped the question he said: "The Emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart. with him during the last few years of To which Princess Alix of Hesse responded: "And my grandmother, his special keynote. Whether in Queen Victoria, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand; your heart I will take myself." And thus Tell and graceful, not yet twenty, | the royal troth was plighted.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE DIVINE ASTISAN.

Perhaps you have heard of the method

Perhaps you have feard of the method strange, Of violin makers in distant lands, Who, by breaking and mending with skillful hands, Make instruments having a wider range Than ever was possible for them, so long As they were new, unshattered and strong.

Have you ever thought when the heart was When the days seem dark and the nights unending, That the broken heart, by the Father's

Was made through sorrow a helper glad, Whose service should lighten more and

The weary one's burdens as never before? Then take this simple lesson to heart When sorrows crowd, and you cannot sing: To the truth of the Father's goodness

cling; Believe that sorrow is only a part Of the wondrous plan that gives through

The power to sing more glad refrain.

—Author Unknown.

IMAGES OF GOD'S GREAT PITY.

You see the Thames as it goes sluggishly down to the arches, carrying with it endless impurity and corruption. You watch the linky stream as it pours along day and night, and you think it will pollute the world. But you have just been down to the seashore, and you have looked on the great deep, and it has not left a stain on the Atlantic. No, it has been running down a good many years, and carried a world of impurity with it, but when you go to the Atlantic there is not a speck on it. As to the ocean, it knows nothing about it. to the Atlantic there is not a speck on it. As to the ocean, it knows nothing about it. It is full of majestic music. So the smoke of London goes up, and has been going up for a thousand years. One would have thought that it would have spoiled the scenery by now, but you get a look at it sometimes. There is the great blue sky which has swallowed up the smoke and gloom of a thousand years, and its agure which has swallowed up the smoke and gloom of a thousand years, and its azure splendor is unspelled. It is wonderful how the ocean has kept its purity, and how the sky has taken the breath of the millions and the smoke of the furnaces, and yet it is as pure as the day God made it. It is beautiful to think that these are only images of God's great pity for the race. Our sins, they are like the Thames, but, mind you, they shall be swallowed up—lost in the depths of the sea, to be remembered against us no more. Though our sins have been going up more. Though our sins have been going up to heaven through the generations—yet, though thy sins are as crimson, they shall be as wool, as white as snow.—Rev. W. L. Wat-

A PRAYER FOR RIGHT LIVING.

O God, help us to live our little life wisely, nooly, usefully to others. We shall so live if we live in thy Son, if we die in thy Son, if we rise again in thy Son; then shall our life be an evangel, our breath shall be a gospel amongst men. If any have heavy burdens to carry, give strength that they may be borne bravely; if any have to turn aside sometimes to shed tears in darkness, may they hear a voice in the cloud promising comfort; if any are called to new experience of adversity, who have only seen poverty at a distance before, the Lord give them strength; if any are of aching heart, wondering how it is with the old man, with the gentle grayhaired mother, with the wandering child, the Lord heal such heartache, the Lord's balm be plentifully dispensed in the hour of need. The Lord know th us altogether: herein is our joy, and herein is sometimes our fear; yet we will not fear; thou knowest our frame, thou remembers that we are done. fear : thou knowest our frame, thou rememberest that we are dust. The Lord be with us in all time of suffering and of anxious thoughtfulness, and especially be with us when we are drinking copiously of the wine of joy, lest in our momentary intoxication we forget that Jesus alone can turn our water into wine. Amen.

LOVE WILL BEGET LOVE.

Down into serious contemplation of sacred and eternal things we must go to get the help our brothers need, down into the dark-ness of those thoughts where man comes close to God to learn what we may teach in the light. O, that we could understand how deep Christ went for all the help and teaching that He gave. O fathers, mothers, friends, ministers, teachers, scholars, friends, ministers, teachers, scholars, men! in all our darkness we must give each other light. To love the truth on one hand and our brethrer on the other, to love God and God's children, that will make our God and God's children, that will make our human nature transparent so that God can shine through it. For this one thing we are sure of—that no man ever yet loved Christ and loved his brother that Christ did not find His own way through him into his brother, and so help and enlighten both the humble teacher and learner with Himself .-Phillips Brooks.

A PRAYER FOR REST. With the night shadows, Lord, our hearts return to thee. We have walked through dangers and thou hast preserved us. We have been tempted and thou hast shown us the way of escape. Pardon us in thy loving kindness for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord that we have singled against thee both Lord that we have sinned against thee both by transgression and neglect, and help us with sincere repentance to forsake our sin. We bring our fears and perplexities, our doubts and cares, to leave them at thy mercy seat. Grant us to rest this night with quiet hearts through faith in thy abiding care. Remember all who are in need. Quicken thy church with divine life. Have Quicken thy church with divine life. Have all our dear ones in thy holy keeping, and grant them gifts according to thy love. And may the quiet of the evening and the sleep of night bring strength, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FADES. Many and many of these men whom we see plodding on in their dusty ways are traveling with visions in their souls. Nobody knows it but themselves and God. Once, years ago, they saw a light. They knew, if only for a moment, what companionships, what attainments, they were made for. That light has never faded. It is the soul of good things which they are doing in the world today. It makes them sure when other men think their faith is gone. It will be with them till the end, until they come to all its prophesies.-Phillips Brooks.

Let us imitate him who sought the moun tain tops as his refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferers unre-lieved in pain. Let us imitate him who turned from the joys of contemplation to the joys of service without a murmur when his disciples broke in on his solitude with "All men seek thee," but never suffered the out-ward work to blunt his desire for, nor to encroach on, the hour of still communion with his Father. Lord, teach us to work; Lord, teach us to pray.—A. Maclaren.

Distrust thyself, but trust His grace, It is enough for thee; In every trial thou shalt trace

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength; In Him thou shalt be strong; His weakest ones may learn at length A daily triumph-song.
—Frances R. Havergal.

So many people seem to take life as a doom, and allow its inevitable conditions to lepress them, instead or taking its condi-ions and weaving the most glorious issues. -Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

Bank Taxation in Kentucky.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals reversed its former decision on bank tuxation, and hereafter banks will have to pay taxes the ame as other property. The State will have o pay back thousands to the banks, and hese institutions will have to pay large amounts to the city and county tax receiver. Heretofore the only tax on banks has been a state levy.

Sufferers by the Sliding Bog.

Nearly one thousand persons suffered by having their lands wholly or partly covered by the moving Irish bog on the shores of Lake Killarney.